

The Western Moors.

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English people need not go to Switzerland or the Tyrol for the delight of wandering amongst mountains: the whole of western Yorkshire is a mountain-country, wild, lovely, full of health & delight.

Indeed it is more than a mountain country: it is a vast mountain mass, or table land, lifting its head so high that the air of the uplands is too cold for corn crops or green crops. So the farmer does not climb the moors with his plough; even were he to lay soil on the barren rocks, no crop would ripen on those bleak heights. His cattle stray to the very edges of the moors, it is true; his sheep love the short, sweet herbage which grows on their lower slopes.

Sometimes the wet, spongy moor is covered with rank grass: sometimes it is brown & bare, with patches of ling & heather ~~and~~ ^{hardy} gilliflowers, or there are great boulders scattered about. Some of them, enormous rocks to which the people give names, - the "Cave of the Calf," the "Druid's Altar," &c. &c. But there is never a human habitation to be seen, nor a tree for shelter, nor a plant higher than the ^{growing} low mountain bilberry. Yes, you may ~~often~~ see a solitary building on the edge of the far off moor. That, you are told, is a "Shooting box," the property of the gentleman who owns the moor. Now he brings his friends in the season that they may shoot the moor-birds & grouse, large handsome birds, very good to eat, & the shooting of which affords great delight.

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to the sportsmen as well as to the village boys who
are allowed to have some share in the game.

In many parts, the moors are no better than
soaking sponges, miserable quagmires. There is grass
or hay on the surface, but take care where you step,
or, as you go, over the knees in black mud.
It is in these sponges that nearly all the rivers
of Yorkshire gather their waters.

There is a wide spongy moor in the north-east corner,
called Dodd Fell, a green, grassy moor of
which you certainly will not come with clear feet -
follow up the Wharfe or the Ribbles to its very
beginning, it will lead you to Dodd Fell. There
you come upon many slow narrow rivulets of clear,
brown water, each no bigger than a roadside gutter.
These unite & make the small beginning of one or other
of the fine rivers of the West-Riding. You trace
one of these rivulets back to its source - if you are
not afraid of sinking in the moss - all you see
is the water rising out of the spongy earth which
is too full to hold any more.

To trace a great river to its small beginnings
is very pleasant, no doubt, but one cannot do
this every day. This is not the chief delight
of the moor. You throw back your head & fill
your lungs with the fine air; you look round, &
there is not a soul in sight but yourselves; your
eye brightens, your cheek ^{flushes} ~~glows~~, & you are
ready to dance & shout for joy just because you
are breathing the pure sweet air of these highlands
& have the wide world to yourselves as far as you
can see it.
Don't imagine that the whole of western Yorkshire

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lies on high table land. There are many moors, they
all shelve down into soft green dales. A dale is ^{each} that is
narrow valleys, shut in between two mountain
walls.

This is how it is: the rivers which gather their
waters on the moors work their way down
towards the sea by cutting channels, ~~cutting~~
~~beds~~ for themselves out of the solid rock. The
rock of which much of western Yorkshire
consists is of a very soft kind, called ^{mountain} limestone;
the running water has worn its
way until many a little beck has made,
in the course of long ages, a broad deep valley,
where there are villages, homesteads, hees &
green meadows, drawn about the running
stream. Not that the river does the whole work;
the running water begins to carve out a valley,
then frost & rain, two ready labourers,
are at hand to carry on the work.

So many rivers & becks are there in this region,
that the moor is cut up in all directions by the
lovely dales of the West Riding; ^{therefore} there is not
one great moor; but many moors, like that
called Rumbold's Moor, for instance, between
the valleys of the Aire & the Wharfe.

Sometimes the moor appears to be worn away
into long ridges, dividing one river valley from
another, and you may stand upon the edge of a
moor, & look behind you over a wide waste, & down
at your feet is a green dale, where you may see
scattered in the valley, the spires of many a village
church, rising amongst trees, with the houses of the
villages clustering round them. You cannot see the

stream, perhaps, in overhanging trees. Then you raise
your eyes, & look across to the other side of the valley,
beyond the ridge which shuts it in; you see
another ridge behind that, & another behind that, &
another, & another. Sometimes five or six smooth
mountain ridges, or fells, rising one behind another.

Between each pair of ridges is a line of deep
black shadow; that is all you see. But you know
that if you get upon the fell above it, that black
shadow opens out into a lovely dale with a sparkling
stream, beside which are the villages where the
fair-haired Yorkshire lasses dwell & go to school.

This is the sort of thing that you see in
Craven, a very lovely part of the West Riding, including
the upper valleys of the three sister rivers, the Aire,
the Wharfe, & the Ribbles.

The Western Mountains.

In the north-west corner, where Yorkshire borders upon Wales, we get the true mountain country. ~~Here~~ The long straight fells rise into giant masses, oddly shaped, over 2,000 feet in height, like Thichel Fell, Ingleborough, Pennine, & Wharfedale. There are three Wharfedales by the way, in this part of Yorkshire; Great Wharfedale & Little Wharfedale to the west of the Wharfe valley, & the Wharfedale, east of the upper Ribblesdale.

Little is a ^{convenient point} ~~good town~~ from which to get to the mountains, as people seem to know, for here are good hotels & lodging houses for visitors. It stands in a woody green basin walled in by Scars, that is, the great noses by which the fells descend to the plain. A scar is properly a bare face of rock; & as bare as the tops of these 'noses' that you would think ^{several rows of} ~~half~~ stone walls ~~can~~ ^{see} ~~never~~ built round their summits. Indeed these Scars, ^{to be seen} ~~scattered~~ all over the western moors, do not look unlike fortified castles built on the heights.

Group the valley of the Ribblesdale as far as Norton in Pennine; but near as the giant looks & walk of six miles would hardly take you to it. A sea of flight-ragged clouds is flying round the summit which rises before you, sharp & edge-like, reaching the valley level by two or three huge noses. The sides are steep & grassy, except where they are scored with water courses, straight & of a reddish colour. But from this point - ~~Wharfedale~~ ^{Wharfedale} has not the look of a fortified castle which belongs to most of the limestone hills. Patches of purple heather flow here & there in the sunshine, where ~~patches~~ ^{patches}.

~~catcher~~ of black shadow & bright lights. Now, the head of Rennequest is purple, now black, now wrapped in soft grey mist. Altogether, it is picturesque and mountainous ^{in aspect} ~~to look at~~, more so than most of its fellows.

To your left is the grand sweeping curve of Wherriade, something like a seal's back in shape, near enough to be distinct & bold, & far enough to flow in purple 'mountain haze'.

Behind you is Ingleborough, which you may always know by the table-like platform ^{base} planted on its broad shoulders.

But none of these giants is in the foreground except Rennequest. Soft mountains bloom softens their outlines, & clouds ^{base} hang about their heads. Between you & them, fell after fell swells & sinks, while about you is a heaving swelling moorland where every breath is a delight.

If you wish to climb Ingleborough, Clapham, a pretty village nestling amongst trees, ~~will be~~ is the best place to start from. It is nowhere very steep, & is not a difficult mountain to climb, & a glorious ^{view} ~~view~~ is to be had from the top.

The left fell behind fell, summit beyond summit, ^{taking in} covering a great part of your counties.

Every week during the summer, excursion trains bring crowds of people to Clapham from the busy manufacturing towns. They have come, not to climb Ingleborough, but to see Clapham Caves, a curious cavern chamber which reaches fully half a mile into the very heart of the mountain. Now, you are in quite a wide & lofty room, now in a end

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low & narrow passage through which you must
creep on hands & knees; again, you can stand upright,
but the walls of the Carr pass so close on each side
in on each side. Now you are in the Pillar Hall, &
then you crawl forward through the Celler Gallery, &
you are in the lofty Giant's Hall. You must have
lights, & a guide, to lead you then there is no danger
in exploring these dark chambers.

What is to be seen? Hanging from the roof & rising
from the floor ^{ascending} all sides of you are the most
surprising shapes, now dark brown, now almost
black, now, glittering & snowy white. There, are the
pipes of a church organ, what looks like a lovely
model of a cathedral in ivory, & a jockey's cap.
Here, is a leg of mutton hanging, there, are the
tusks of an elephant, there, strange shapes of
fish & bird & beast; now, a deep fringe, now

^{in wooded} forest. The History of a Cavern.
Have we got into a palace of the frowns, & they
spend their years in making their chambers
more beautiful?

The same unwearying artist has hewn these
chambers out of the solid rock, & adorned them
to suit his fantastic taste - a workman whose
name you would little suspect.

Soft as rain is, & hard as some rocks are, there
are none so hard but the rain will, in time, make
its way through them. The mountain limestone
of which these rocks are made, is full of cracks. The
rain does not all flow down the sides of the hills.
Much of it makes its way through the cracks, down
& down, wearing away the lime as it goes, & carrying
it along in its course. Sometimes the water forms
for itself quite a wide channel; indeed, in limestone
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districts, it often happens that a broad stream, a river, flows in at the mouth of a cavern, makes its way underground, & does not appear again for miles; & all this time the water has been wearing away the limestone & enlarging the caverns. Fresh droppings of water from above & little runlets from the sides help the running stream.

Mountain limestone is, as ^{has been} ~~was~~ said, full of cracks through which water works its way. Now every tiny drop that falls from the roof of a cavern carries a little lime with it. Some atoms it leaves upon the roof, some fall with the water upon the floor. The next drop lays a few more grains in the same place, both upon roof & floor. This goes on for ever, night & day, until at last the lime on the roof becomes a sort of little shoot like an icicle, & the lime on the floor another little shoot rising up to meet it.

There are many drops falling, side by side, & in the corner of a cave there is formed a sort of fringe, like icicles, which hang from the roof. While a similar little pile rises from below. These limestone droppings grow very, very slowly; so slowly that it has taken hundreds of years to make the strange figures in the caverns. Those on the roof are called stalactites, & those on the floor stalagmites, two long names, taken from a Greek word which means 'to drop.'

The white glittering stalactites are those over which water is always dropping; the queer brown shapes were formed long ages ago, & the water dripping has made some other places for themselves & left them to the rest of the place.
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Weathered Cave is even more interesting than that of Llanphar. You go down a flight of steep steps, & then in the darkness of the cave, you hear the rushing roar of falling water. A waterfall, eighty feet high, is tumbling down the rocks at the back of the cave. If it is a very bright day, a ray of sunshine steals into the darkness & makes a rainbow over the spray of the fall. You may get behind the fall & look through it if you like - this is, if you don't mind a good wetting. The stream which tumbles over the rocks in Weathered Cave makes off to the moss, & there disappears under ground altogether; & no doubt it is carving out many caverns which no one knows anything about. Indeed the western moors & mountains are full of caves, & of odd open caverns called 'Pots.'

The highest point in Yorkshire is Wharfedale (2,500 feet). The great mass of moorland between the Tees & the Sever, from which the most glorious view is to be had of the Western & Eastern peaks as well as of those of Yorkshire.

Now other amongst the wild moor hills you see a huge wheel & other machinery, belonging to lead works, you are told; while a steep path up the side of a fell is pointed out to you as that by which the hardy, cheerful lead miners go to their work. Lead is pretty widely scattered in the moor hills, especially at the point where the three counties ^{meet} join. But sometimes it happens that a mine which has been worked for centuries ^{will} stop pay, & a whole village is thrown out of work.